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H A L I F A X.

Mens sibi conscia recti.

VIRG. *Æn.* I.



H A L I F A X:

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YASSY

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HALF A X

THE



Hence indolence ! Hence miserable sloth !
Parents of penury, and wretched want,
Hence to your ragged caves o'ergrown with weeds,
Still sending forth the pois'nous baleful damps
From fens uncultivate, and stagnate lakes ;
Unwholsome rest ! Hence ! While I sing the sweets
Of peaceful industry, and labour's prize.

My muse delights not in the din of war,
The dissonance and clank of arms,
Harsh founding jars, that thunders o'er the plain ;
No, the peaceful muse shrinks at the horrors
Of the sanguine field, nor plauds the hero's toil,
The savage road to honour and renown,
O let me sing the milder arts of peace,
Of social COMMERCE, that improves mankind,
Uniting realms, far sunder'd, with the bonds

On **YHAALEIF A X.**

8

Of sacred amity, that bids the bold
Adventurer explore the pathless seas,
Ev'n to the utmost habitable bounds
Of the drear north, the frozen pole,
Where the rude subjects of the icy world,
(The roughest work of nature's finish'd hand)
Pursue the bear along the mountain snows,
Or drag the whale's unwieldy bulk ashore.

To warmer climes, on Afric's burning shores,
Where riper nature blackens in the sun;
Or where old China's self-sufficient world,
Sinks into soft effeminance and ease;
No clime so dreary, savage and forlorn,
But **TRAFFIC** seeks her habitation there,
And simplest nature, wisdom learns of her.

The

The youth that courts her with unweary'd care,
She, like a kind and gracious guardian,
O'er danger's slipp'ry paths conducts him safe
To honour's sacred dome, his just reward.

Do you, ye sons of COMMERCE and of ARTS,
That bustle in the mart of business,
From whom the harden'd-hand of diligence
Receives the daily task, and liberal reward;
Do you receive the muse's tributary lay;
Where should the muses for protection fly,
But to the arms of pow'r-creating-commerce,
The strong foundation of the common weal,
Nurse of the arts, and freedom's choicest friend;
The soil in which the seeds of honesty
Once thrown, the hand of diligence shall pluck
Honour full blown, a never fading flower.

All on the busy banks of CALDER's stream,
 Which from his many-mouthed urn he pours
 Adown the craggy cliffs, the silver rills
 Trickling descends, and thro' the lonely long
 And shatter'd * deanes, its many streams collects,
 Smoothly steals on, till by the rifted-rocks
 Obstructed, its gathering wave rushes
 Impetuously along, a potent flood;
 There let me wander on its mossy edge,
 And listen to the ripling of the stream,
 Or catch the silver'd glances of the trout,
 Seen in the bosom of the lucid wave.

But these are toy-amusements of the mind;
 O rather let me climb that rugged height,

* Dales.

Above the crouded bulks of yonder copse,
Where rears the cottager his humble hut,
And let me view along the peopl'd vale,
The various colours that attract the eye;
There the bold scarlet first assaults the sight,
Its martial colour claiming pre-eminence
Of note; the grave blue, the silent sable,
And the vestal white, the summer yellow;
^{and} ~~Then~~ ^{darled} to relieve the sight, the ~~verdant~~ green
Restoring hue, presents her chearing ray.

Come muse to yonder cot a while retire,
Tho' humble, neat, the bow'r of industry;
There with sweet frugality and care she dwells;
The lovely maid her auburn tresses loose
And beaut'ous bosom open to the day,

Incessant

Inceffant whirls the speedy-circling wheel.
 Let not the feet of lewdness tread this way;
 Here innocence, sequester'd from the world,
 In modest negligence, and purest mind,
 Performs her daily task, well satisfy'd;
 Tho' coarse her fare, enjoys a rich repast,
 Tastes the high flavour of a hungry meal;
 A blessing which the viands of the great
 Cou'd never give to the pall'd appetite.

Consider then ye gluttons of the feast,
 Fed by the various produce of the globe,
 Who torture nature's blessings, that are giv'n
 A thousand ways to tempt the fated taste,
 Ye buy full dearly impotent disease,
 The filthy followers of intemp'rance.

See

See along yonder vale the happy youths,
In jolly rural mirth, loud shouting,
Proclaim their glee, proclaim their holy day;
Their many avocations now forgot,
Give all to sport, give all to love and joy:
See mounted on that * decorated car,
The rural chief rides in full sylvan pomp,
Supreme commander of the joyous feast,
Attended by the laughing jolly swains,
Each with the lass he loves, joining in dance;
(Not like the revel rout of Bacchanals,
The harbingers of Bacchus impotent,
Swill'd with the draughts of Circe's beastly cup,
But as the temp'rate sons of Arcad'a,
Strong nerv'd, glowing in highest rosy-health,

* A Rush-bearing. A custom peculiar to this part of the country.

Against whose cheeks the blushing peach looks pale ;
Strewn at his feet the green-rush carpet lies,
Emblem of summer's sickness and decay ;
Around the gayest flow'rs of the season
Pour forth their sweets, and give their silken robes
To rustic innocent magnificence.
Look down with envy, O ye conquerors!
How far above your triumph is this joy !
They laugh not that whole nations are destroy'd,
Or kings dragg'd shackl'd at a conqueror's car ;
They seek not to encounter with their kind,
Save when the little rivals of the dale,
Or up-land lads, beyond their bounds intrude,
And emulate their simple, rural pride ;
Then reigns the rural fray ; the rustic arms
Batter the foe, and beat th' invaders home,

The air resounding with the victors voice,
Proclaims returning peace, and mirth goes on :
This is the genuine spirit of our isle,
This fir'd the antient Britons to repel
The haughty Roman arms, and drove them back ;
Beat the Armada's strong invading pow'r,
And views with scorn the haughty Gauls intent.

Far in the limits of fair Albion's isle,
Upon the rising bosom of a hill,
By walls of mightier hills surrounded,
Like a fair garden open to the sun,
Stands HALIFAX, the seat of diligence ;
She, as from a hive of ever-busy bees,
That bustle to and fro, collecting stores,
Sends forth her sons to gather richer stores,

To

To reap the harvest that industry sow'd;
Collecting riches from the farthest climes,
Peruvian gold, the robes of Persia,
And Golconda's gems; whate'er's produc'd,
What COMMERCE can command, is all her own.
There nature, frugal of her precious stores,
Deny'd spontaneous benefits at ease,
The parsimonious gave example pow'r,
And now no more the purple heath covers
With useless tuffs the spacious soil,
The restless hand of labour has refin'd,
And nature liberally rewards his pains.

And now the decent dwelling cheers the sight;
Throng'd are the busy streets with trade;
Beneath th' cumbrous pack the sturdy porter pants,

And

And from his brawny back, well pleas'd,
Reigns the willing load, and dries the dropping sweat,
While diligence, to calculation train'd,
Within his punctual book th' account conveys.

Come let us labour up the brow of yonder bank,
That Babel-like rears its high head aloft,
Commanding all around : shou'd any foe
Presume to tread with hostile feet this land,
Here shall the far-discerned * flame alarm,
And quick convey th' important news abroad,
While on the tufted summit of this hill,
We breath this purer air, free from the vapour
Of th' vale below, a dusky atmosphere ;
Come let us view the beauteous vary'd scene.

* The Beacon.

Far in the azure clouds, the moorish head
Of Black-stone-edge rears to the fight,
Its crags romantic, rough and rude,
Upon whose brow the crisped silver moss,
Hangs like the hoary lock of antient time,
Yet not a gloomy solitary waste,
A scene of rural sportive pleasure;
Here exercise, gives to the joyous youth
The flowing bowl of health, to quaff at will,
While the sagacious dog, struck by the
Tainted air, transfix'd! immoveable!
Stands like a statue at the pointed game.

Bend to the south the charmed eye,
Where Ealand, pleasant-seated village stands;
Along the verdant prospect of the vale,

E

Thro'

Thro' whose rich bosom creeps yon babling-beck,
Along its winding serpentine retreat,
To wed with CALDER's ample-silver-stream ;
Woods, lawns, and villa's rising to the view,
Vie with each other to enchant the sight.

Ev'n where the furly north blows his bleak blast,
A thousand beauties hail the lovely scene ;
Extensive view ! o'er many an intervening hill,
Whose pop'lous heights, and well enriched vales,
Send out whole swarms of labour-loving swains.

See where the sun sets in the ruddy west,
And plays his beams upon the varied scene,
Edging the green-grass with a golden braid ;
A thousand lustres sheds upon the Town,
Which

Which from the flaming windows back reflect
Augmented lustre, bright'ning all around ;
Far as the stretch of sight, the beauteous mass,
Ting'd with the sanguine beams of setting day,
Gives a refulgent harmony divine,
And far * Lorrain ! beyond thy mimic skill.

Each little plot of well manured land,
Neighbour from neighbour parted, by th' fence
Of well conjoined time-enduring stone,
Seems like a spacious and well colour'd plan,
Drawn on the bosom of the hill below.

There COMMERCE, bids the stately dwelling rise,
And at her word ---- the goodly fabric's rear'd,

* Claude De Lorrain, a celebrated landscape painter.

Crouding with spacious front her scanty streets,
And plenty, with her chearful face, scatters
Her richest blessings with a willing hand.

Who'd be idle, when industry procures
Such social joys to bless the ebb of life?

How far superior to the thoughtless herd
Does good Acasto taste the sweets of life,
Gain'd by the care of youth to bless his age!
He, with his little stock early in life,
By diligence and never-ceasing pains,
Encreas'd his scanty fortune, and abounds,
And still accumulating wealth enjoys;
Enjoys all social comforts given,
And, with a most liberal hand, bestows
Th' overflowings of's wealth to those in want. This

This is the highest blessing man can know!
 O what immortal pleasures doth he feel,
 That shields the orphan from oppression's blow,
 That sets the hungry to the frequent meal,
 And gives heart-felt contentment to despair!
 This is the man! The Omnipotent,
 And wise designing Providence, has given
 To opulence the means. O want not will!

While idleness, cloath'd with th' tatter'd garments
 He has earn'd, in the warm sun shine fits,
 And at the tavern door joins in the noisy
 Mirthless laugh, low ribaldry applauding;
 He sleeps at night in wretchedness, despis'd!
 Bankrupt in wealth, as bankrupt in esteem.
 On yonder rising ground, upon the skirting

Of the town, see thy reward, a * ruin lies,
 There the dishonest and the idler fell
 A sacrifice to justice, and the world;
 From thee, thou wretch, no common good is known;
 Thou can'st not aid the wearied traveller;
 'Twas not by thee yon goodly road was giv'n,
 That gently rises up the vast ascent;
 Nor did'st thou bid the silver CALDER flow,
 And with the verdant world-surrounding sea,
 Unite its crystal navigable stream.

Methinks I see along the beauteous vale,
 Upon the glossy surface of the stream,
 The teeming vessel gliding smoothly on;
 Its swelling canvas holds the gentle gale,

* The Gibbet.

While

While on the deck the hardy sea-boy plays,
 Fearless of storms ; woods, rocks, and verdant meads,
 Alternate change the scene, as the proud barge,
 Still less'ning to the fight, fails 'fore the wind ;
 This a new source of wealth and happiness !
 Thy waters CALDER shall not flow in vain ;
 Riches from ev'ry point the compass knows
 Shall the sea pour into thy gen'rous stream ;
 May virtue, peace, and industry still live,
 And, like the verdur'd margin of thy banks,
 Flourish from year to year, increas'ing.

F I N I S.



ERRATA. Page 8, for the 9th line read,
 And to relieve the dazzled sight, the green'a

While on the deck the hand-choy plays
 Fearless of storms; woods, rocks, and verdant meads
 Alternate change the scene, as the proud surge
 Still rolling to the light, rolls fore the wind;
 This a new source of wealth and happiness
 Thy waters call, and not flow in vain;
 Riches from ev'ry point the compass knows
 Shall the sea pour into thy glorious stream;
 May virtue, peace, and industry still live;
 And like the verdant margin of thy lake
 Flourish from year to year, increasing.

